Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heaven came and shriveld
Vp those bodies even to loathing, for they so stunke,
That all those eyes addor'd them ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should give them buriall.

Escanes. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but justice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no guard to barre heavens shaft.
By sinne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer greeve without reproofe.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince doe live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he live, wee'l seeke him out:
If in his grave he rest, wee'l finde him there,
And be resolv'd, he lives to governe us:
Or dead, give's cause to morne his Funerall,
And leave us to our free Election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death indeed: the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best knowes how to rule and how to raigne,
We thus submit unto our Soveraigne.

Omnes.

Omnes. Live noble *Hellican.*

Hell. Try honours cause; forbeare your suffrages:
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbeare,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's hourely trouble, for a minutes ease)
A twelve-moneth longer, let me entreate you,
To forbeare the absence of your King;
If in which time expirde, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Goe search like Nobles, like noble Subjects,
And in your search, spend your adventrous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne unto returne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole that will not yeeld,
And since Lord *Hellican* enjoyneth us,
We with our travels will endevor.

Hell. Then you love us, we you, and wee'l claspe hands,
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome ever stands.

Exit.

Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one doore, and the Knights meete him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides.*

King. Knights, from my daughter, this I let you know,
That for this twelve-month, sheel'l not undertake
A married life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord)

King. Faith by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that tis impossible:
One twelve Moones more shee'l weare *Dianaes* livery;
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath shee vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farwell, we take our leaves. *Exit.*

King. So, they are well dispatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; she tels me here,
Shee'l wed the stronger Knight,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.19) Octavo